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house—the cook swore it was a fight they all wanted and it was none of the business of the meddling scalawags of police; but they thought different, and against all protestations Alfred, the servant, the beau, and the cook were all marched off to the station-house.

Sad close of Alfred's night of love!

CHAPTER TWO.

IN the lock-up Alfred had time to think coolly of the incidents of the last few hours. Uppermost in his mind was Lizzie Gray—not the Lizzie he had lost, but the one he had come so near winning. That he had wronged her his sense of right told him; but how to make reparation was the question. Marry her he never could, though she was rather pretty, and certainly was a woman of real decision of character; but poor, and a dress-maker! He wished Blaze had run away and broken his master's head rather than this adventure had occurred. Heigho! what *should* he do? The long hours of the night wore away—the morning brought his release, after due explanations of his counsel to the judge, while poor Trip and the beau had to stand for an assault, and were "sent up" for thirty days; and yet Alfred's mind was not made up as to the proper course to pursue. One thing he resolved upon, and that was, not to give up pursuit of the real Lizzie Gray—*his* Lizzie, for whom his heart was on fire, for whom he had endured all his sufferings! Viewed in this light, he rather congratulated himself on having given such tangible proofs of his affections. Outwardly, he was rather mortified at what had happened; for what would his friends not say—how he would be joked at the club! But, inwardly, he really was rejoiced—so little did he feel for the poor dress-maker.

He went home. Nobody there but the honest old coachman, whom his mother had left behind to take care of things in her absence to the country—Trip on the way to Blackwell—the cook gone—the chambermaid retired to a boarding-house to await her mistress' return. Alfred could do nothing but reorganize his household corps, and the coachman was forthwith detailed to that duty, with the solemn injunction of "no more Irish." In due course of time coachee returned with a

French chamber-woman, a Scotch cook, and an English serving-man for Alfred—all "well recommended." By three o'clock the serving-man was drunk, the Scotch cook and the chambermaid were at loggerheads, and the house was again at a stand. Alfred retreated in disgust, to get his dinner at the Club-house. On entering, he was accosted, "Hey, old fellow, got in a pretty muss. Who is Lizzie Gray? Pretty good claim she makes on you!" Zounds! what could the fellow mean? Explanations were asked; and to his utter consternation he learned that the dress-maker had entered suit for breach of promise—damages \$10,000! Ah, Alfred's appetite was spoiled then. He began to see, in the dim distance, a court-room, a jury, an excited crowd, ten thousand dollars damages for injured affections, newspaper comments—oh, horrors! And what would the real Lizzie say? The poor fellow was fairly overcome with a sense of his situation, and could scarce muster courage to go to his attorney. Go he must, and did.

In reviewing the case calmly it was deemed advisable to settle the matter. Alfred would not see the lady again, he was resolved; so the attorney undertook the negotiation, which he found a more difficult task than contemplated; for the dress-maker was resolved to see no one, and had ordered her attorney to sue at all hazards, unless the full claim for damages was complied with, or unless Alfred Monsoon would come forward like a man and marry her! Either alternative was bitter enough. He preferred to lose the money to winning the wife, and checked upon half his bank patrimony. The money was paid, the suit withdrawn, and Alfred was a wiser and a poorer man, having the poor satisfaction of feeling that the matter had passed over without being made public. He was now free once more, to pursue his search for the Lizzie of his heart. His love for her had rather intensified through the experiences of the week—he was now resolved to have her at all hazards.

He soon made another visit to Brady's. There, at the door, hung the dear, sweet face, now more bewitching than ever. It was not, upon close inspection, that of a girl of "sweet sixteen," but of a full-blown, graceful woman—one fitted to lead in society, and to adorn a home—who would grace a ball-room, and prove the belle of the watering-place: just Alfred's idea of a model wife. Again he essayed

to find out from the operator the whereabouts of Lizzie Gray, but to no purpose; the operator only smiled knowingly, saying, "she was a beautiful woman, indeed."

Beautiful! Yes, she was divine; and who had as good right to say it as the lover? He would say it to her face or perish in the attempt! were the whispered words of his heart. To watch the door was useless, for she might not visit the gallery for a month. Nothing was left but to see the beneficent Brady himself, and to him confide the story of his love—all of which he did, and had the promise of an interview on the morrow.

The morrow came—how happy was Alfred! The monsoon of love in his breast was still as moonlight around the pyramids—so sweetly did the realization of happiness steal over his senses. The hour came, and he went to the gallery. Brady took him to the studio, told him to enter, and left. Alfred was alone with his love, for there she sat, brush and pallet in hand, coloring in oil the photographs which had made the reputation of the gallery. Even more beautiful was she than in the frame below, more womanly and graceful. At Alfred's entrance she arose, extended a chair and bade him sit down. Could she know of his errand? Impossible, else she could not be so unmoved. Alfred stepped forward, clasped her hand, saying, "Are you aware, Miss Gray, of my intentions towards you?" "Sir!" exclaimed the lady, drawing back. "Ah! I see how it is," he said; "Mr. Brady has not seen fit to tell you of my story. Will you listen to me?" "Certainly I will!" said Lizzie, "if you are not going to talk love, in which case I cannot say 'proceed,' for really I am not to be tormented so!" This was all said so full of good nature that it completely upset Alfred's self-possession, and he exclaimed, "I *do* come to declare my love to you, and to pledge you a heart and home forever!" and forthwith he proceeded to narrate his whole story.

Lizzie was perceptibly moved at the young man's ardent narrative, and replied: "I am sorry, indeed, Sir, for I can never answer your expectations. I have been a married woman, have three children, am poor, and have to support with my brush my family. Your passion does your heart honor; alas that it should be bestowed so unworthily!"

Heavens! here was another fix. Had absolutely proposed to a widow with three

children. Alfred was stunned by the intelligence, but there sat Lizzie before her easel, her cunning hand dropped listlessly at her side, her face downcast, and her eyes suffused in tears. It was more than the young man could stand; he knew if he remained there that his passion would lead him to claim the widow, children, and poverty; for what man could resist such beauty and goodness as that before him? Catching his hat, he rushed from the studio, hastened home, and, in the silence of his again deserted house, gave way to tears—real, manly tears—in the conflict between love and duty. Intense suspense had given way to heavy disappointment, and his heart was not strong enough to sustain the shock—it made him sick. Cold caught at the station-house, superadded to the fever of excitement, now shocked by a pang of pain, sharp as a sword in his side, threw the indiscreet lover into a fever of distressing character. No one in the house but the old coachman, no gentle mother to minister to the burning head, no gentle sister to minister to the heavily pulsing heart! The mother was recalled hastily from her country visit—the chambermaid came back to her service; but neither from coachman nor chambermaid could Mrs. Monsoon learn anything of what really had happened except the particulars of the row and arrest—nothing more. Alfred, in his fever ravings, told the story, however; and, though incoherent, yet plainly enough to lead the quick apprehension of the mother to guess that a lady was at the bottom of it all.

After nine days the fever abated, and Alfred was himself again. He told the whole story, like a man, to his mother, and promised to follow her better advice in the matter. He recovered rapidly, and was soon behind Blaze again, but evidently a changed man, subdued in temper, thoughtful and retiring. A month passed—two, three, six, twelve—and Alfred had grown into a model of manly nobility. Lizzie's name was never mentioned; but the watchful mother plainly perceived that the heart of her son was brooding over its love like a bird over its robbed and deserted nest. She resolved to question her son, and, if he still loved, to do a mother's solemn duty, and remove every restriction, so far as lay in her power. He was questioned, and the confession came that Lizzie Gray, with her poverty and children, was dearer to him than life, but that he had never seen her since the first interview, and had de-

termined not to see her again for fear he should give way to his passion, and do what might render his family and friends unhappy. Mrs. Monsoon made no reply, though her loving heart was deeply moved by her son's conflict with his sense of duty and his passion.

Blessed mother's solicitude!

Some days after the interview, Mrs. Monsoon remarked one morning that "she would have a lady friend to dine with her, and wished Alfred to come home early from his office," which he promised, in his quiet way, to do. The afternoon found him home. The lady guest was in the parlor, and Alfred was directed to go in and entertain her. Stepping into the room, half darkened by the closely drawn curtains, he beheld the visitor gazing at the portraits of the family. Around her were three beautiful children. One glance of the young man's eager eyes sufficed, and in a moment Lizzie Gray was clasped to his bosom.

The story was soon told. Mrs. Monsoon had gone down to Brady's—had been photographed—had sat to Mrs. Gray to have the pictured colored in oil—had drawn the artist out, and found her to possess a very superior mind as well as noble heart; and the good mother then told the young widow the tale of her son's struggle with his passion. Lizzie was moved to tears at the recital, confessed that Alfred had impressed his image indelibly upon her heart, but that she could never hope to stand at his side, since her circumstances forbade. Mrs. Monsoon arranged, with loving tact, for a meeting; it was done—Alfred and Lizzie were in one another's arms!

The marriage was not long delayed. "Our set," of course, gossiped and crooned over the matter, as if it was any of their business; but the happy couple cared little for such puffs of bad breath. The three children soon became the very light of the household, beloved by all, and by none more than by the old coachman and the now restored Trip, who seemed to regard the little ones as their own. The family carriage was enlarged; and every few days it may be seen passing up and down Broadway with as happy hearts inside and out as ever gave life and beauty to the gay promenade.

So much for one of the "asides" of Photographic Beauty.

THE SPIRIT'S CALL.

Why thrill like harp-chords 'neath the stormy sweep
Of some grand master's hand, oh, soul of mine?
Why rouse thee from thy careless dreams and sleep,
And shake thy fettered wings with strength divine?

What burning words from human lip hath woke
Thy charmed slumbers in a single hour?
What tones of high command could thus invoke
The palsied pulse of years, to deed of power?

Thou know'st thy destinies! thy hope is strong—
And where the eternal mountain cliffs arise,
Leave thy fair dreams in burning words of song,
Thy memory lettered in immortal dyes!

Not here, my spirit! fold thine eagle wings,
When gath'ring clouds of coming fears inform;
Thine eyrie seek 'mid loftier, nobler things,
Light gleams beyond, and God is in the storm!

On a high purpose stand—and from that height,
Gaze out upon the future far and sure;
So shall thy strength renew for nobler flight—
And thy calm faith like pillar'd rocks endure!

Tho' far beneath are gentle Love and Trust,
And all the golden dreams of earlier days;
Tho' dearer hopes lie bleeding in the dust,
Thou wilt not turn aside thy steadfast gaze.

Perchance an arrow, from a bow unseen,
May strike thy soaring wing at dawn of day;
And the pale angel comes, with brow serene,
To take thy meed, thy holy gift away!

What then? The swan its death-song sweetest sings
Pouring its thrilling notes on twilight air;
So thou, my spirit! fold thy drooping wings,
And breathe thy life out in wild requiem there!

Perchance its dying fall may charm the ear
Of one whose heart had frozen in its youth;
Of one who lingers, all too late, to hear
The sinless melodies of love and truth.

Thy pinions bleed, and weary with the strife,
Beating against their iron links of care;
While golden hills loom up in fairer life,
And in the distance mock thy chill despair.

Chained to the rocks of petty ills, art thou!
Beneath the Lethæan river ebbs and flows:
Promethean patience on thy stainless brow,
And thine—an immortality of woes!

CORA MITCHELL DOWNS.

TO —.

WITH every day and every hour
I love thee more and more—
The sea, with a resistless power,
Doth wear away the shore.
And so the wave of love doth roll,
And beat against and wear
My rocky selfishness of soul,
Uprising hard and bare,
Till, as the rock melts in the sea,
My heart is overcome by thee.